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These two Mens Works should here a Book compleat
But why if Moderation does attend
Thy Spirit, sure thou wilt such Thoughts suspend
In them's no Controversie ; but each shows ;
Both blasp'd Enjoynments and eternal Woes
They're dead, and reconcil'd with God above,
Read therefore humble Christian, read with Love.

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Between A
Blind-Man
AND
DEATH.

By *Richard Standfast*, late Minister of *Christ-Church*
in the City of *Bristol*.

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OR,
CHRIST'S
Certain and sudden Appearance to
JUDGMENT.

Being serious Considerations on these
four last Things, *Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell*

By *John Bunyan*, Author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*

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A Dialogue

BETWEEN A

Blind-Man and Death.

THE, more Men see, the less they do enquire,
The worse they see, the less they do desire
Others to grant what Blindness cannot give,
And for Intelligence grow inquisitive ;
They ask to be inform'd who cannot see ;
I know't by sad Experience, Woe is me !

Death.

Where are you, Sir ? what sitting all alone !
I did suppose 'twas you by that sad moan ?
Coming this way, to gather what's my due,
I thought it not amiss to call on you.

Blind-Man.

I do not know that Voice, 'tis sure some stranger's ;
And by his Words he seems to bode me danger.

Death.

You guess aright, Sir, and before I go,
I'll make you know me whether you will or no.

Blind-Man.

Name.

Why what are you ? Pray tell me what's your
And what's your Business, and from whence you

Death.

(came)

I will declare what no Man can deny ;
There's none so great a Traveller as I ;

A 3

Yet

A Dialogue between

Yet you must know I am no wandring Rover;
For my Dominions lies the World all over;
I march thro' Court and Country, Town and City,
I know not how to Fear, or how to Pity;
The highest Cedar and the lowest Flower,
Sooner or later do both feel my Power.
The mighty'st Emp'ors do submit to me;
Nor is the poorest tatter'd Beggar free.
In Peace I glean here one and there another;
Sometimes I sweep away whole Streets together.
In time of War, thus much I can divine,
Whoever gets the Day, the Triumphs mine.
I am indeed a great Commander,
'Twas I that Conquer'd the great *Alexander*.
And after all the Victories he wan,
Compell'd him to confess he was a Man.
Were you Goliath great, or Sampson strong;
Were you as wise and rich as Solomon;
Were you as Nestor old, as Infant young;
Had you the fairest Cheek, the sweetest Tongue
Yet you must stoop; all this would nought avail
For my Arrests will not admit of Bail.
For to deal plainly, Sir, my name is Death,
And it's my Business to demand your Breath.

Blind-Man.

My Breath and Life shall both go out together,
Death.

On the same Errand 'twas that I came hither:
I'll have both Breath and Life without delay,
You must and shall dispatch; Come, come away,

Blind Man.

(mind

What need such posling haile: pray change your
'Tis a poor Conquest to surprize the Blind:
Death.

You may not call it posling or surprize,
For you had Warning when you lost your Eye.

No

a Blind Man and Death.

Nor could you hope your House should long be free
When once your Windows were possess'd by me.

Blind-Man.

But Life is sweet, who would not if he might,
Have one long day, before he bids Good night;
O spare me yet a while, slight not my Tears!

Death.

Hard Hearts and Hungry Bellies have no Ears,

Blind-Man.

I am not yet quite ready for the Table;

Death.

All's gone to me, I am inexorable.

Blind-Man.

Yet by your Favour, may I step aside.

Death.

Be not deceiv'd, it is in vain to hide;
My Forces are dispers'd thro' all places,
And act for me without respect of Faces.
I have a thousand ways to shorten Life,
Besides a Rapier, Pistol, Sword and Knife;
A Fly, a Hair, a Splinter of a Thorn,
A little Scratch, the Cutting of a Corn,
Have sometimes done my Business heretofore,
So to the full, that I need wish no more.
Should all these fail, enough of Humours lurk
Within your Body, Sir, to do my work.

Blind-Man.

Well then let some one run for my Physician,
Tell him I want his aid in this Condition.

Death.

(do

Run Boy, and fetch him, call the whole Colledge,
For I intend to have them shortly too,
I value not their Potions, nor their Pills,
Nor all their Cordials in their Doctor's Bills;
When my time's come, let them do what they can,
I'll have my due, so vain a thing is Man.

Should

A Dialogue between

Should Galen and Hippocrates both join,
And Paracelsus with them too combine,
Let them all meet to countermine my Strength,
Yet they shall be my Pris'ners all at length.
I grant that Men of Learning, worth and art.
May have the better of me at the start,
But in long running they'll give out and tire,
And quit the Field and leave me my Desire.
As for those Quacks who threaten to undo me,
They are my friends and speed some Patients to me.

Blind-Man.

Well if I must, I will yield you the day,
So 'tis enacted and I must obey :
Henceforth I'll count my self among your debtors.
For 'tis I see the measure of my betters.
But tell me now, when did your Pow'r commence,
Death.

My Pow'r began from Adam's first Offence:

Blind-Man.

From Adam's first Offence, O base beginning,
Whose very first Original was sinning.

Death.

My Rising did from Adam's Fall begin,
And ever since my Strength and Sting from Sin.

Blind Man.

To know wherein the En'mies strength doth lie,
In my Conceit is halt the Victory.

Have you Commission now for what you do?

Death.

I have Commission now what's that to you ?

Blind-Man.

Yes, very much, for now I understand.
I am not altogether at your Command :
My Life's at his who gave you this Commission,
To him I'll therefore go with my Petition,

PH

a Blind-Man and Death.

I'll seek his Love and on his Mercy trust,
And when my Sins are pardon'd do your worst.
Death.

That you may know how far my Pow'r extends,
I will divorce you from your dearest Friends,
You shall resign your Jewels, Moneys, Plate,
Your earthly joys shall all be out of date.
I will deprive you of your dainty Fair;
And strip you to the Skin, naked and bare;
Linnen or woollen you shall have to wind you,
As for the rest, all must be left behind you.
Bound Hand and Foot, I'll bring you to my den,
Where constant dreadful darkness reigns, and then
Your only dwelling House shall be a Cave,
Your lodging Room a little narrow Grave;
A Chest your Closet, and a Sheet your dress,
And your Companions Worms and Rottenness:

Blind-Man:

If this be all the mischief you can do,
Your Harbingers deserve more dread than you,
Diseases are your Harbingers, I'm sure,
Many of which are grievous to endure.
But when once dead, I shall not then complain,
Of Cold, or Hunger, Poverty, or Pain.

Death.

There's one thing more which now to mind I call,
When once I come, then come I once for all;
And when my stroke doth Soul and body sever,
What's left undone, must be undone for ever.

Blind-Man.

There's a great truth, and I have learn't to know,
That there's no working in the Grave below.
To be before hand therefore will I try,
That then I may have nought to do but dye,
But tell me, Sir, do all men dye alike?

Death.

A Dialogue between

Death.

To me they do; for whom God bids I strike,
Look how the Foolish dye, so dye the Wise,
As do the Righteous, so the Sinner dies;
The greatest difference will be hereafter,
But that's a thing that is beyond my Charter;
That I to some prove better, to some worse,
To some a Blessing and to some a Curse.
That none of mine, I dare not undertake it,
It's God's appointment & men's works that make it
Hence 'tis that Sinners troubles never cease,
And that the upright Man his end is peace.

Blind-Man.

There now remains but only one thing more;
Will not your Pow'r be one Day out of door?

Death.

Must I needs tell you, Sir? 'tis certain true,
There is a death for me, as well as you;
And mine's the worse, for I must dye for ever,
You may revive again, but I shall never:

Blind-Man.

By all that hath been said I plainly see,
You had no need t'ave been so rough with me?

Death:

Come let that pass the kinder to appear,
I will reveal a secret in your Ear,
The death of Christ upon the painful Cross,
Which seem'd to be my Gain, doth prove my Loss.
All in his Hair the strength of Sampson lay,
All with his Hair went Sampson's strength away,
I have no strength but what I had from Sin,
I have no sting but what lies hid therein;
Christ suffering Death to put this Sin away,
Hath made me his, whom I suppos'd my prey.
My Strength is now decay'd, my Sting abated,
My boldness check'd, and my Dominion stated.

And.

a Blind-Man and Death.

And I am now both faint and feeble grown,
Much like to Sampson when his Hair was gone;
In my own Craft I was compleatly routed,
My Jaws were broken, and my Holders outed.
What now I catch, I have not power to keep,
My very Name is chang'd from Death to Sleep.
'Tis true, I seiz'd on Christ, & brought him down;
And bound him in a Prison of my own;
But all my strongest Doors, bars, bolts, and bands,
Were but meer nothing in his mighty Hands;
He broke thro' all, and left the Doors wide ope,
And all his Servants Prisoners of Hope;
For tho' they dye, yet with devout affection,
They do express a Joyful Resurrection;
And with their Master to be brought again,
That they with him for ever may remain.
Thus Christ by Dying did become Victorious,
And from his bed of darkness rose more glorious.
And I by binding him, made my self fast,
And his I know will prove my Death at last.

Blind-Man.

These words give Comfort and instruction too;
Henceforth I shall be better pleas'd with you.
Decreed it is for all men once to Die,
After that judgement, then Eternity.
To Prayer, therefore, will I joyn Endeavour,
So to Live here, that I may Live for ever;
And seeing they that have and keep Christ's words,
Whether they Live or Dye, be all the Lords,
Repentance, Faith, and new Obedience, shall
Fit and prepare me for my Funeral;
From whence I trust my Saviour will translate me;
In season due, beyond their reach that hate me:
Ev'n to that place of Life and Glory too,
Where neither Death nor Sin hath ought to do,
This

A Dialogue between, &c.

**This hope in me, that word of his doth cherish,
He that believes in me shall never perish.**

**Now welcome death upon my Saviour's score,
Who would not die to live for evermore ?**

Death.

**Sir I perceive you speak not without Reason;
I'll leave you now and call some other Season.**

Blind-Man.

**Call when you please, I will await that Call,
And while I stand make ready for my Fall :
In the mean time, my constant Prayers shall be,
From sudden and from endless Death,**

Good Lord deliver me

*Judge not of Death by Sense lest you mistake it,
Death's neither Friend nor Foe but as you make it ;
Live as you should, you need not to complain,
For where to live is Christ to die is Gain.*

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Mercy and Grace by heav'nly Pow'r
Can make the vilest VVretch on Earth,
Forfake his sins, and Christ implore,
To Crown him with a second Birth,
So *Bunyan* once lay wallowing in Mire,
Till Grace and Mercy set his Heart on Fire.
Drew him from thence with Bands of dying Love,
And crown'd the Pilgrim's Head with Joys above.
Joys which a thousand Deaths will Recomple.
Joys, which like GOD, are lasting and immense.

Bunyan (John)

THE
Great Affize :
OR
CHRIST'S
Certain, and sudden Appearance to
Judgment.

JOB XIV. v. 2, 3.

*Man that is born of a Woman, is of few Days,
and full of Trouble ; he cometh forth like a
Flower, and is cut down ; he fleeth also as a
Shadow, and continueth not.*

O That poor earthly Mortals would attend,
With seriousness of Mind to what is pen
Here is presented clearly to the Eye,
A little World new made most gloriously.
To day here stands proud Man, like flowers Sprite,
But look to morrow, and he's wither'd quite!
How happy might poor fallen Man have liv'd
For ever had he not his Maker griev'd,

His

The Great Affize.

His num'rous Off-spring never would espy,
Thro' that black Curtain of Mortality,
Grim Death; but now, alas! he's born to die.
Dust must to Dust, said God upon his Fall,
Entailing that Sentence on us all:
Polluted nat'rally with that foul Sin,
Which did in Adam, and poor Eve begin:
Alas! how swift the Days of Man pass by:
Swifter than Weaver's Shuttle do they fly:
As soon as Death doth end his Days, so soon
Man must appear before the Great Tri Une.
Death will no Favour to a King afford,
Nor Diff'rence make 'twixt Beggar, and a Lord.
Beauty, nor Riches, Favour shall obtain,
He'll take no Bribes, to mitigate their Pain:
Nor florid Learning can him satisfy;
For Death will tell him, That he's Born to Die.
No difference with Age and Youth he makes,
But each alike of Death participates.
You find, Methusalem by Death was told,
That Die he must, tho' he was ne'er so Old:
Like Fruit when almost ripe, Storms can it shake,
So Youth when almost Man, Death may him take.
Search you Death's Lime-pits, and you'll find therein
As oft the Young Steer, as the Oxes Skin.
Of all things certain here unto Man's Eye,
Nothing's more certain, than he's Born to Die.

The Sinner trusting in his Riches.

And yet, how proud Man is this side the Grave,
As if he never should an Exit have!
Boasting, poor Worm, of an uncertain World,
His busie, carping Thoughts with Cares are hurld,
Til wealthy grown, proud of his Bags of Treasure,
He trusts in Riches, taking all the pleasure

His

The Great Affize.

His Heart can wish for; nay, he doth controul
The checks of Conscience to his precious Soul;
Says to himself, Soul take thy ease, and spend
Thy time in Mirth, ne'er think 'twil have an end.
Thus, thus the Sinner doth abuse his God,
And cleaves to Vice, instead of Vertue's Road:
He Swears and Damns, and imprecates God's Wrath:
To strike him dead; but, ah! to Die he's loth.
He damns his very soul, is it not just,
That God should do so too, and say, Be curst!
Caring and Ranting, is his hellish Note,
Quaffing so long, until his Senses float.
Drunk like a Beast, he staggers up and down,
Sleeps like a Hog, and is a Devil grown.
But, Oh, if God thus angered, ready be
To say, Thou Fool, I do require of thee
Thy Soul this Night: Come, give a just Account
To what thy Stewardship does now amount?
How dumb, and senseless would he stand, to see
Hell ready to devour him presently?
Fruitless would be his search, to find a place
Amongst Rocks, to hide him from God's angry Face:
For flinty Rocks, and Nature's Hills, which soar
Their tow'ring Heads so high, will be no more,
And all things vanish by God's sov'reign Pow'r.

Old Age, with its Troubles.

Ah, but suppose God suffers him to live,
Adds Mercy unto Mercy, and does give
Him yet a longer time of Life, and tries,
If he'll repent, before Death shuts his Eyes.
We see that Time runs round like to a Wheel,
And wrinkled Years upon his Brows do steal;
Besides, grey Hairs upon his Head do grow,
Scatter'd it lyes, like to a drift of Snow.

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B.

His

The Great Affize.

A foggy Dimness doth his Sight assail,
Sinking into his Head, his Eyes they fail.
His Tongue does falter, and his Hands they shake,
And with the Palsie every Limb doth quake.
His staggering Pillars cannot stand at all;
His House is so decay'd, 'tis near to fall.
His Age brings with it Sicknes and Disease;
His Limbs so feeble are, seek Sluggish Ease:
His Pleasure's gone, it doth him sore annoy,
To think of Youth's Delight, and former Joy.
His Mind doth dream of Death before his Eyes,
And Death's pale Image doth his Soul surprize,

God's Mercy abus'd, Death sent.
His Glass just run, he's even out of Breath,
Ready to yield his Life to conqu'ring Death.



Who will no longer favour his old Age,
But is resolved in his Death t'engage.
It peeps behind the Curtain in his Face,

The Great Affize.

And draws the same, then dreadful is his Case;
His Tongue doth falter, and his Veins, they start
Like Sticks asunder; nay, his very Heart
Ceaseth its motion, and his Vitals gone,
So that at last he's colder than a Stone,
His Kinsfolk dear his dying Eyes do shut,
And from his Bed into a Coffin put.
But when the Soul hath parted clean away,
And left the Body like a Lump of Clay,
The Carcass is not colder than the Love
Of Wife and Friend, who do forgetful prove.
And 'cause he cannot go, he's carry'd forth,
Accompany'd by all his Friends of Worth;
His Mourners show his Years, the Pomp so brave
Convey him to his cold and sad-like Grave;
But when they come to Death's pale Habitation,
And see the Pit which gapes with Desolation,
They throw the naked Coffin in, of all
His Friends, not one for Love will with him fall;
All get them gone, he still alone doth lye
A rotten Worm-Bait, Taie of Mortality.

The Vanitie of his Wealth.

Thus ends his earthly Splendour, and his Pleasure
Wife, Children, Kinsfolk, & his Bags of Treasure
Are left behind, to hold the same Estate
A little while, but follow must his Fate;
Nay, they're not sure t'enjoy it half a Day,
For Death does oft sweep Families away.
The Infant's instantly depriv'd of's Mother,
Husband from's Wife, the Sister from her Brother,
Children in Cradles often feel the smart
Of conqu'ring Death, the King of Terrour's Dart.
Therefore, O Man, why art thou over-joy'd,
When all thou hast may quickly be destroy'd.

The Great Affize.

If any stormy blast of Sickness blow,
All Features passeth like a Minute's Sow :
Alas, poor Worm, what thing canst thou call thine,
But sudden Death, may quickly say, 'Tis mine :
Behold thy Frailty ! See. thy Glass does run !
Therefore Repent before the Time is gone.
Both Young and Old, have this before your Eye,
You're Born to Happiness, or Misery.
Think at Christ's coming, you must then arise,
And there be judged by the Great Affize.

Matthew XXIV. 41: *Watch therefore for you know not
what Hour your Lord doth come.*



The manner of Christ's Coming.

Serene, like as the Days of Noah, were,
So will the coming of our Lord appear ;
Eating and Drinking, they will merry make.
And carnal Souls Security will take ;
Thus like a Thief who cometh in the Night,
So will the Son of Man in glory bright

Com

The Great Affixe.

Come down with num'rous Angels, & the sound
Of Trumpets shrill, unnerving thus the Ground,
Ye Dead arise, Lord, what a horror here
Is to the wicked, who must strait appear,
And come to Judgment ! O how this begins
To bring to mind their many wretched sins.
Conscience immediately appears, and must
Be the sad Soul's accusing Witnels first ;
Hanging their Heads, cannot endure the Shocks
Of God's revenging Wrath, then to the Rocks
They run in vain, most miserable Elves,
To seek some Shelt'ring-place to hide themselves
Then are they separated as they stand, (hand,
The Goats i'th' left, the Sheep at Christ's right-
O the sad Shrieks they make, and rueful Cries,
To see Hell gaping just before their Eyes !
The Heavens melt away with fervent Heat,
The Earth a Burning underneath our Feet.
The Books are open'd judg'd now they must,
Condemned next, then are pronounced Cnrit.

The blessed Estate of the Godly.

But Happy, ever Happy are the Sheep
Of Christ, who Joy for evermore will reap,
When he shall say to's Saints, Come, come ye hither
You of my chosen flock, blest'd of my Father ;
The Kingdom now enjoy, for you prepar'd
Before the World was made or Heaven's rear'd.
O what Soul-ravishing sweet News is this !
Angels attend them presently to Bliss.
With Glory crown'd, eternally they sing
Hosannahs to their heavenly Lord and King.
Rivers of Joy before their Eyes run by,
Oceans of Pleasure to Eternity,
Cloathed with Robes, shining like Jasper-stone,
They

The Great Assize.

They sing Christs praises on his heav'nly Throne
Angels attend these Saints, and what's more
Joy hath no end, but lasts for evermore.



The miserable State of the Wicked.

But hark, what Grief the Damned does attend
Who have no Advocate to stand their Friend:
Sentence must passed be; Go go to dwell
In endless Burning in the Lake of Hell.
Depart with Devils who did you entice,
To hate your Saviour and cleave to vice.
Go to that everlasting pit and lye
Howling with fiery Fiends perpetually
O what a wretched Sight 'twill be to see
The Devils dragging them to Misery!
Husbands to see their Wives convey'd to Bliss
Whilst they with damned Souls Salvation miss.
Son from the Father, Father from the Son,
Must separated be i'th Day of Doom;

Praise

The Great Affize.

Throne
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Praising of God, and own it to be just,
Their own Relations are with Devils curst.



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The Godly they to Heaven take their flight:
Wai't wicked take their Course to hell outright.

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Lord, let us watch continually, and pray
That we may be prepar'd for that great Day.
Give us Repentance, that whilst here we live,
We may the Offers of thy Grace receive.
And feed our Souls, O God, with thy free Grace,
That we may stand before our Saviour's Face,
O grant that when the Force of Death we try,
We may cry out, Where is thy Victory?
And mounting up to thee, with Joy may sing,
O gloomy Grave, Where is thy bitter Sting?

Praise

The End.



John H. H. H.

